THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

VOL. II.] *PHILADELPHIA, April 5, 1806.* [No. 14.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. X.

——————————at tibi
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.
HOR.

To recriminate is just.
YOUNG.

The meditations of the PHILANTHROPIST, ever tending to the good of mankind, were lately interrupted by the receipt of the following letter, in which the fair writer calls upon him to become an advocate for her sex. However flattered by the call, he considers it unnecessary to undertake a defence which his ingenious correspondent has already so ably conducted; but would just observe to her, that the writer whose essay excited her displeasure, is far removed from mortal vision, insensible to the voice of her reproof, and incapable of reply.

March 30th, 1806.

TO THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Encouraged by the benevolence of your character, I hope to be excused for presuming thus to claim your attention; and in a public cause, I feel not "the blushes of ingenuous shame," which would have tinged the cheek of diffidence soliciting for herself. I am a constant reader of the Evening Fire-side, and with many others, have generally admired its contents; it was therefore with surprise and indignation, I saw in the number preceding the last, an insult offered to our sex, under the signature of "*Connoisseur:*" nor was I less surprised to find in the number just received, that you had taken no note of the offence. Considering the whole human race as belonging to one family compact, it certainly would have become the PHILANTHROPIST, when he saw his sisters traduced, to attempt their vindication; I am willing to believe this was not a wilful neglect, and trust he will not be solicited in vain to espouse their case.—Being more accustomed to the needle and nursery, than to the magic of the pen, I cannot teach my ideas to flow in the graceful course of polished composition; yet there may occur in my letter some hints which may be of use in the proposed defence.

In the general division of duties, to men was assigned the office of Public Censors; not because we wanted intellectual capacity for the task, but their bold and enterprising dispositions were better fitted for prying into characters, than our modest, retiring habits. In them, however, we expected to find the faithful guardians of the public morals, and impartial delineators of manners; that they would bestow censure or praise, on characters as they appeared in review, without favour or affection; giving "Vice its proper shape, Virtue her own image." But how have our hopes been realized? Instead of an unbiassed distribution of strictures, when folly or frailty were to be exposed, woman was chosen as the object against whom the shafts of wit and satire were to be chiefly directed; female manners became the trite subject of ridicule, and the truth stretched, nay its boundaries overleaped, to give the colourings of fancy to the picture they had drawn.

It is a consolation, that among men of sense we have ever been held in esteem; but there is a set of *smartlings*, of a quick, though shallow wit, who are ever ready to throw out their sneers, that they may enjoy the confusion they cause among the delicate and diffident. Professing a mighty zeal for the improvement of manners, they take care to attack those only who they think cannot resist. These remind me of the zealous Ismalite, whose story permit me to relate:

The sultan Soliman, on retiring from the field after a hard-won battle with Lewis of Hungary, in which he had taken a number of prisoners, was met by a mussulman, who thrice prostrated himself, and addressed him thus: "Commander of the faithful! it is written in the Koran, that whoever shall destroy one of the enemies of Alla and his prophet, shall secure to himself a place in paradise; permit me therefore to slay one of thy Christian captives." The Sultan, after a pause, consented; and bade him lie in ambush behind the thicket that skirted the plain, at a short distance from the camp. He then armed a stout captive, and sent him on a message beyond the place of concealment. When he drew near to the ambush, the mussulman exultingly leaped forward confident of his prey; but finding him prepared for defence, he fled with dismay, to utter his complaint to the magnanimous Sultan, who frowning upon him, exclaimed, "Wretch, wouldst thou attack the unarmed? Know that the gracious Alla detests cowards as much as I do."

May we not fairly rank the *Connoisseur* in this set? He has exercised his wit to invent, and employed his industry, to find out all the projects that have been invented from the days of Dido, to this time; pinned them on one female character, and given her as a sample of her sex. If he touches the absurdities of men, it is but slightly, as if afraid of the attack; and his chief force is turned against defenceless woman; to whom he ought to have been a protector from insult, rather than an aggressor. How could you, Mr. PHILANTHROPIST, in whom candour should unite with benevolence; how could you tacitly allow of such manifest injustice? O! that Impartiality were the historian of the times! that Justice kept the records of the world! Then would our character rise to its proper station, and be at least upon a level with that of proud assuming Man.

The *Connoisseur* insinuates, that Love is the origin of Superstition; now you certainly know better, and ought to have told him so. Busied in my domestic concerns, I have not, like you, had an opportunity of poring over the historic page; but by the attention of an obliging husband, who often devotes his leisure hours to my entertainment, by selecting such passages of history as his taste approves of, I have been

able to gain ſome information, and that aſſures me the poſition is not correct. Superſtition has equally preſided over the human mind, when engaged in Science, Religion or Politics. What were the Iſian rites? the Eleuſinian myſteries? the cruel ſacrifices of the Druids? and the horrid holocauſts of the Mexicans? Theſe were the bloody ſuperſtitions of men who accounted themſelves wiſe. If love has been led into many ſportive frolics, and (as the wiſe *Connoiſſeur* may think) fooliſh *projects*, how has Superſtition guided the other paſſions? the flight of birds, has determined revenge to the ſlaughter of thouſands; Bigotry has condemned numberleſs innocents to the ſtake, for not bowing to the great toe of a Saint, or proſtrating before the parings of the Apoſtle's nails; and the breaking out of an unuſual diſeaſe in a neighbourhood, has precipitated to ruin many a poor wrinkled old woman, whom man, reaſoning man, has convicted of witchcraft: and ſhall he, crimſoned with the guilt of ſuperſtition, preſume to laugh at the vagaries of a loveſick damſel? O! ſhame, where is thy bluſh? But it is not only in the enormities of Superſtition that man has been concerned; it has influenced him in the trivial affairs of life. A ſtumble at the threſhold would prevent him from undertaking a journey; nor would he turn back, though half his equipage were left behind, leaſt it might render his adventure unſucceſsful. The mariner would not looſe his moorings on a Friday, in order to put to ſea, for any conſideration; and the man who chanced to put his ſtocking on in the morning with the wrong ſide out, would not for the world change it, however ridiculous its appearance, for fear it might interrupt his good luck.

Superſtition is acknowledged to be the offſpring of darkneſs, and humanity mourns over the atrocities it has produced. But as wiſdom ſheds abroad her light, the clouds are diſperſed from the human underſtanding; and rational means alone are reſorted to, for the accompliſhment of our purpoſes. If fairies and witches, amulets, omens, taliſmans and philtres, are ſtill held in remembrance, and are occaſionally the ſubjects of converſation, they are deſigned, like a tale of former times, merely to enliven the ſocial circle. It is thus that *projects* are ſometimes uſed; and I am perſuaded, any intelligent young woman would feel her dignity of mind groſsly inſulted by the inſinuation, that ſhe placed dependance on ſuch charms. They ſerve like other paſtimes, to while away a drizzly evening, when thought grows dull; and to produce merriment by the whimſical rites they require. If with theſe motives they are ſtill wrong, let them be bound up in the bundle of human imperfections; but do not, for juſtice-ſake, accuſe woman as the only frail, fooliſh, faulty creature.

Excuſe my tedious letter, and believe me to be, in the hope of your becoming an advocate for the injured, Your friend and well-wiſher,

A MATRON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

There is in this degenerate age,
A mighty love for rhyme and rage:—
But ere I make the grand beginning,
(Which as it is the underpinning
On which muſt ſtand my fame to come,
I'll do my beſt to make it plumb):
I juſt ſhall ſtate for information,
To bards of each denomination,
That I've a license from the muſes,
For rectifying all abuſes—
That have crept into their dominions,
And therefore, firſt, ſhall clip the pinions
Of all that ſpiteful, quibbling race,
Who riſe by other men's diſgrace.
And as reproof is beſt in *story*,
I'll give you here an allegory:—

Laſt night while ſitting in my ſtudy,
And muſing till my brains were muddy,
Friend Somnus kindly interpoſ'd,
And faſt my eyes in ſlumber cloſ'd;
When to my ſleeping fancy came,
The following fantaſtic dream:
Methought I ſaw a wall, whoſe height,
Defied the moſt advent'rous flight;
Below, appear'd a narrow gate,
By which a ſurly keeper ſat;
I thought I'd ſeen the man before,
And conn'd his viſage o'er and o'er:
At laſt I knew that he I ſaw,
Could be no other than R———.
Above the gate appear'd a preſs,
And in large letters E. F. S.
Beſide the wall, appear'd a throne,
Which two grave judges ſat upon;
Who wore, their dignity to grace,
A conſequential length of face:
Towards the throne, a rabble preſs'd,
Whoſe looks anxiety expreſs'd;
Each one a paper held, which bore
A royal ſeal and ſignature:
Theſe being by the court inſpected,
Some choſen were and ſome rejected;
Thoſe who were choſen, paſs'd the gate,
The others met a harder fate;
Being conſign'd to dungeon foul,
Reſembling much a *pigeon-hole*.
Now as I gaz'd upon the ſcene,
And wonder'd much what it could mean;
One who obſerv'd my ſtaring eyes,
And gueſs'd perhaps at my ſurprize,
Without much ceremonial fuſs,
Explain'd the cauſe of wonder thus:
That high enclosure, guards ſecure
Th' *elyſian fields* of literature,
Where he who would an entrance gain,
Muſt firſt the Judges' leave obtain;
Which always will be ſure to follow,
An order from my lord Apollo;
Stating the bearer to be *mad*,
And that the beſt phyſicians had,
Eſſay'd their utmoſt ſkill in vain,
To call his ſenſes back again;
Whence wicked wights in ſearch of fame,
Have often forg'd Apollo's name.
But Judges merely from their *ſtation*,
Are ſo endow'd with penetration,
That they can tell you to a T,
Whether its truth or forgery:
But now 'tis thought their eyes are failing;
Indeed they've been a good while ailing!
And ſome of late deceiv'd their eyes,
With even wretched forgeries.
And now, if you've a mind to ſee,
Theſe fields of immortality,
I have ſome licenſes about me,
Which will ſecure you, never doubt me,
A certain entrance; therefore take
The preſent that I freely make.
Well, as I felt extremely keen,
To take a peep behind the ſcene,
And alſo being ſomewhat *crazy*,
I thought I might get in quite 'aſy;
So having thank'd him for the proffer,
I took the license at his offer.
And now, to cut the matter ſhort,
The paſs was handed into court;
Where, having paſs'd examination,
It gain'd the Judges' approbation:
And thus, the glorious paſſage earn'd,
The gate upon its hinges turn'd,
And on I puſh'd, to feaſt my eyes
Upon this earthly paradiſe.
But ſcarcely had I enter'd, ere
Aſtounding noiſes met my ear;
And full to my affrighted view,
Appear'd a moſt tumultuous crew.
Among the reſt I ſaw ſome faces,
That I had known in better places:—
There ARIEL held a *broken* fiddle,
And ſcrap'd the tune of *diddle, diddle*;
And PHILO' mightieſt of the clan,
Beat time upon a *frying pan*.
Around the ſpot where PHILO' ſat,
Kept buzzing ſomething like a *gnat*;
Which often on his head would light,
And try to ſting with *all* its might:
One chap who held a *baby's* whiſtle,
I think they call'd him CALEB THISTLE:
Conceiving harmony was miſſing,
Surpaſs'd the ableſt gooſe at *hiſſing*:
While ever, and anon, the reſt
To join in chorus did their beſt:
I quickly paſs'd the noiſy group,
Though oft they call'd to me to ſtop,
And gain'd at laſt the ſilent plain,
Without once looking back again!
Here, dwelling on each varied grace,
I wander'd up and down the place,
Untill at laſt I gain'd a wood,

Which seem'd th' abode of solitude.
While to protect the still retreat,
From entrance of polluted feet,
Two formidable spirits stand,
And wield a scourge in either hand:
Here, while I trembling stood with fear,
They bade me with a smile draw near;
And while my hand one gently took,
He thus in friendly accents spoke:
Hail! to this sacred seat of rest,
Which all who gain are truly blest!
Enter with me the silent shade,
Ahd follow where my footsteps lead.
Thus having spoke, we onward pass'd,
And gain'd a verdant lawn at last;
In front of which, appear'd a cave,
O'er which the bending poplars wave;
Upon the right, a limpid rill,
Came bubbling from beneath a hill;
While here, and there, the trees among,
The harp and mellow horn were hung:
This is the spot, began my guide,
Where Genius' favourite sons reside:
See yonder, where the DRUID sings,
And graceful sweeps the sounding strings:
There ROLAND wakes the breathing flute,
MATILDA touches soft, the lute;
The pensive ANGUS warbles here,
And sweetly sings of "Laura's tear."
"Past three o'clock," the watchman said,
And all at once the vision fled.

TANTERABOGUS.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

With how much beauty, pathos and energy is the subject of War and its consequences enlarged upon in a late pamphlet by Dr. Gisborne. The solemn truths conveyed in the following passage, are worth sending to all those parts of the earth, where a musket has been fired, or a bayonet fixed by man against man.

"Of all the punishments and judgments of Providence," says he, "there is none so terrible and destructive as that of War; the horrors of which, indeed, are not at an end when the contest terminates victoriously. The tenderness of nature, and the integrity of manners which are driven away, are not quickly recovered; but are exchanged for roughness, jealousy, and distrust; and the weeds which grow in the shortest war can hardly be pulled up in a long peace. How soon doth the ruthless monster deface all that art and industry has produced? Destroying all plantations—burning palaces and places dedicated to divine worship, and mingling them in the same ashes with the cottage of the peasant and the labourer. It distinguishes not age or sex, or dignity; but exposes all things and persons, sacred and prophane, to the same contempt and confusion; in short, it reduces all that blessed harmony which has been the product of peace and religion, into the chaos it was first in, as if it would contend with the Almighty in uncreating what he has so wonderfully created. Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? Do we love stately palaces or noble houses? Do we delight in pleasant groves, woods, or fruitful gardens? All these we owe to Peace—and the dissolution of this peace, disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish."

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

MEDITATION.

Now on the western deep reposing,
Retiring Phoebus smiles serene,
And round, the shades of even closing,
In twilight veil the fading scene.

Hail meditation! pure and holy!
In all thy sober charms appear,
With eye of pensive melancholy
Fix'd musing on the vacant air:

Reclin'd beneath this frowning mountain,
Which shades the vale in deeper gloom,
While list'ning to the babbling fountain,
To guide my flights of fancy—come.

Mute silence now o'er all is reigning,
Save where the sighing zephyrs breathe,
Save where the solemn owl complaining,
Awakes the sleeping grove beneath:

Save where the wildly rushing torrent,
Impetuous laves the mountain's side;
Save where the gently rolling current
Soft murm'ring, through the valley glides.

The ev'ning bell at distance tolling,
Now faintly sounds upon my ear,
It bids me think, how swift are rolling,
Frail life's uncertain moments here.

While list'ning to the Ocean's surges
That gently undulating flow,
I mark where Cynthia just emerges
Majestic, from the mountain's brow.

Then turn and see the starry splendor
That glitters in the vaulted sky,
A twinkling ray may often render
A guiding light to wisdom's eye.

And soon from these to objects higher,
Wild fancy leads my raptur'd soul;
She seems to soar on wings of fire,
Through nature's vast revolving whole.

Nor these the bounds of meditation,
Still, fancy takes a bolder flight,
And finds new scenes for contemplation,
In yet a more exalted height:

She seeks to know the God of nature,
Great source of this amazing plan,
Whose wisdom and whose power are greater,
Than thought can reach, or reason scan.

It is for this, Oh heavenly mentor!
That here I oft commune with thee:
Oh! teach my every thought to center,
On God, and on Eternity.

ALPIN.

April 1st, 1806.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-Side

The seventh and last volume of the Asiatic Researches, was published in London in 1803. Among other remarkable accounts of the state of manners and religion in Hindostan, I was struck with that given of a young woman named *Aryar*, among the Bramins; by that sect denominated a female philosopher. I was apprehensive that an extract of a few of her sentences, composing what the Bramins call "The Golden Table," would not be unacceptable to the readers of the Fire-side.

"Charity be thy pleasure.
Forget offence,
Keep company with the virtuous.
Love religious meditation.
Religious wise men enjoy great happiness.

Without the mercy of the Deity, nothing will prosper.

Who speaks as he thinks is an upright man.

Hinder none in charity.
Hear, and improve.
Be constant in virtue.
Hold converse with those who are meek.

In proportion as one increases in learning, he ought to increase in virtue.

Without a clean conscience, there is no good sleep.

Without religion, there is no virtue."

In the same volume, page 453, I find the following account of an extraordinary person, the founder of a sect in Hindostan.—His name was *Kubui*.

"There are various accounts of this philosopher. All agree, that he was a *Soofee* of the most exalted sentiments, and the most unbounded benevolence. He reprobated with severity and sound reasoning, the religious intolerance and worship, of both Hindoos and Moosulmen. Both nations, to this day contend for the honor of his birth in their respective tribes. He published a book of poems, that are universally esteemed, as they inculcate the purest morality, and the greatest good will

and hoſpitality towards all the children of mankind. From the diſintereſted, yet alluring doctrines they contain, a ſect has ſprung up in Hindoſtan, under the name of *Kubui-a-punt-hee*; who are ſo univerſally eſteemed for their veracity, and other virtues among the Hindoos and Mooſulmen, that they may with propriety be conſidered the Quakers of this hemiſphere. They reſemble that reſpectable body in the neatneſs of their dreſs, and the ſimplicity of their manners. A tranſlation of Kubui's works, with the life of that ſage; and an account of his followers, relative to their tenets and ſocieties, remain ſtill deſiderata in the hiſtory of India."

C.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Biography of Baron Haller.

Albert Haller, one of the moſt illuſtrious literary characters of his age, was the ſon of a citizen and advocate of Berne, where he was born in the year 1708. The account of his early diſplay of talents, is as extraordinary as almoſt any upon record. He choſe the medical profeſſion, in which he became very eminent. He was an anatomiſt, phyſiologiſt, and botaniſt, of the firſt order. It is not too much to ſay of him, that he was one of the beſt informed men in Europe. He wrote and ſpoke, with equal facility, the German, French, and Latin languages; and read all the other tongues of civilized Europe, except the Sclavonic dialects. His acquaintance with books was ſo extenſive, that it would be difficult to point out any of the leaſt note, which he had not peruſed, and of which the contents did not dwell upon his memory. He was a poet too of diſtinguiſhed merit. The critics of Germany, reckon Haller among the firſt who gave ſublimity richneſs, and harmony, to their poetical language; and who deſcribed nature in true colours.

The talents and knowledge of Haller, his works in various departments of ſcience and literature, and his unblemiſhed integrity and virtue, rendered him, in the higheſt degree, reſpectable among the learned of Europe; and his friendſhip and correſpondence were courted by the moſt celebrated men of his time. He was profeſſor of medicine in the univerſity of Gottingen. He filled ſucceſſively the botanical, chemical, and anatomical chairs; and raiſed the reputation of the Univerſity, to a very high pitch. Here he reſided near ſeventeen years; and then returned to Berne, his native place, where he was elected a member of the ſovereign council; and enjoyed the firſt authority in the adminiſtration of public affairs, till the time of his death, which took place in the year 1777.

This great and good man, in the early part of his life, had doubts concerning the objects of the Chriſtian faith. But theſe doubts were diſpelled, by a ſucceſsful application to every branch of ſcience, on the one hand; and by a candid examination of the ſacred oracles, on the other. The firſt, by purging his ſoul, according to his own emphatic phraſe, of arrogance and pride, filled it with true poverty of ſpirit. The ſecond convinced him that the Divine revelation, conveyed in the holy ſcriptures, was a boon worthy of the merciful author of our nature to give; and ſuch as was fit for guilty mortals to receive, with humble gratitude and reverence.

There are hours of mental depreſſion in human life, which can neither be prevented nor remedied by the moſt proſperous worldly circumſtances, or by the greateſt ſkill of man. The healing art, which Haller applied with ſingular ſucceſs to the diſeaſes of the body, could not, as he experienced in his own caſe, reach that diſſatisfaction with the preſent, and that apprehenſion of a future ſtate, which ſo frequently diſturb the breaſts of mankind. But the Divine laws were to him a delightful ſubject of attention, and a joyful object of hope. His confidence in the goodneſs of God, refreſhed his mind; and ſo fortified it that he beheld undiſmayed the king of terrors.

The conſolations which he felt himſelf, he was anxious to impart to others. In imitation of the Saviour of the World, he went about doing good to the ſouls and bodies of men. He eagerly ſeized the numberleſs opportunities, which his profeſſion as a phyſician gave him, of convincing thoſe with whom he converſed, of the truth, and of converting them to the practice of the chriſtian religion. And this he did, not only by his inſtructions, but by his example. For he was charitable to the poor; he ſympathiſed in the tendereſt manner with the diſtreſſed; and was humane and juſt in all his dealings with the ſons of men.

A thouſand incidents, which paſſed unheeded by the vulgar eye, recalled to his mind the Deity. And when he recollected or heard that great name, he gave way, in whatever company or circumſtances he happened to be placed, to ſome pious ejaculations, with his eyes and hands lifted up towards heaven.

While his feeling mind embraced in the bonds of love all his fellow creatures, and intereſted him in their preſent and future concerns, there was one perſon whom God and nature had recommended to his peculiar tenderneſs and care. He had a daughter, dear to him as his own ſoul. He knew the inquietudes, to which the common lot of humanity would ſubject her through life; and the fears that would alarm her tender breaſt at the approach of death, of which, it was ſome conſolation to him, that "he ſhould not live to be the mournful witneſs." To her he addreſſed, at different times, but in a regular ſucceſſion, a number of letters on the truths of the Chriſtian Religion. They were afterwards, by his permiſſion, publiſhed for the benefit of the world at large. The work poſſeſſes great merit, and is particularly proper for the peruſal and ſtudy of young perſons.

We ſhall conclude our account of Baron Haller, with an extract from the laſt letter contained in the publication juſt mentioned. It marks the writer's high ſenſe of the importance of religion; his ſolicitude for his daughter's happineſs; and his ſtrong confidence in the future rewards of piety and virtue.

Let us employ the time that is preſent, eternity will be our reward, if we make good uſe of it. Let us always have before our eyes, the nature and conſequences of ſin: let us remember that it will deprive us of the favour of God, and expoſe us to his diſpleaſure. Reflect on the value of the life and immortality, which Chriſt has brought to light by the goſpel. The enjoyments of this preſent ſhort life, which are indeed but puerile amuſements, muſt diſappear, when placed in competition with the greatneſs and durability of the glory which is to come.

By the mercy of God, we are reſtored from the loweſt ſtate of abaſement and dejection. We are animated with the moſt comfortable promiſes. We now walk with confidence in that road, which has been marked out for us with ſo much wiſdom and which ſo well correſponds with our natural deſires and abilities. We leave behind us thoſe vices which tended to eſtrange us from God and happineſs: before us is a benevolent Being, who offers to the victorious, incorruptible crowns, as the recompenſe of victory; which victory he alſo helps us to gain. We may now reſt ſatisfied with reſpect to our future condition, without perplexing ourſelves about the trials we ſhall have to undergo, and which are yet at a

tance. Let us be careful to employ to advantage the preſent hour. The means of ſalvation, the ſacred writings, the precepts of our ſaviour, are in our hands. We inſenſibly draw near to the deſired harbour: the approaches of diſſolution become leſs formidable, the nearer we advance to the happy manſions of eternity, where error and vice will be diſarmed, and have no more power over us. Receive, my daughter, theſe moſt important of all truths, from a father, who conſiders himſelf on the verge of life; they are the moſt precious marks of tenderneſs which he can give you.

Theſe inſtructions would have been more perfect, if his capacity had been more extenſive. They are, however, the reſult of his reflections, and of the reſearches which he has made after truth: they are alſo the effects of his internal convictions.

Your father who now addreſſes you, has had his doubts; he has ſometimes been miſtaken; and has wiſhed in thoſe moments that the conſequences of ſin were not ſo grievous, he has not been exempt from falling; but the victorious grace of God has kindly come to his relief. The king of terrors approaches me with haſty ſteps: but I behold his advances without diſmay. Beyond that era of exiſtence, I ſee objects of joy and hope which invite me to leave this world, and to ſtep forward into eternity; into manſions of holineſs and bliſs, where death ſhall be baniſhed for ever, and where ſin ſhall have no place. After having finiſhed your courſe, you will again meet your father in thoſe glorious and peaceful abodes, where the idea of our frail mortality ſhall no longer diſturb our breaſts, or fill them with ſhame; and where the miſeries of this life ſhall no longer draw tears from our eyes."

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

Gaudent scribentus, et se veneranture.—HOR.

From self each scribbler adoration draws,
And gathers incense from his own applause.

That there is a vanity inherent in every author muſt be confeſſed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the reſt of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I catch up the favourite ſheets wet from the preſs and devour every ſyllable; not the leaſt particle eſcapes my notice; and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expreſſive AND or emphatical THE. If every reader was to pay the ſame attention to my works, or peruſe them with half the ſatiſfaction, Mr. *Town* might be fairly pronounced the greateſt author of the age. But I am afraid I ſhall ſcarce find another, who will ſo heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myſelf; and many a choice ſentiment, many a culled expreſſion, which I have repeated to myſelf over and over again, with ecſtacy, has by others perhaps been as haſtily hurried over, as any common article in a news-paper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for ſelf-flattery from the moſt trivial circumſtances. On the mornings of publication I have ſometimes made it my buſineſs to go round the coffee-houſes, in order to receive whatever incenſe of praiſe I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart you may imagine has bounded with joy when I have heard the room echo with calling for the Connoiſſeur: but how has it ſunk again, when I have found the ſame tokens of eſteem ſhewn to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honeſt fellow, that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things: but I have been no leſs chagrined, when I have ſeen a coxcomb coolly take up my paper, ſquint over the firſt page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable: though, indeed, I have never failed within myſelf to pronounce of ſuch a perſon, that he is dull, ignorant and illiterate. I once happened to be ſeated the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers; and ſeemed particularly pleaſed with ſeveral parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taſte and judgment: I remarked with ſingular ſatisfaction the effect, which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very paſſages, which provoked them frequently to ſmile, and ſometimes to burſt into a loud laugh. As ſoon as they were gone I ſeized the file; when lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother eſſayiſt.

My vanity has often prompted to wiſh, that I could accompany my papers, wherefoever they are circulated. I flatter myſelf I ſhould then be introduced to the politeſt men of quality, and admitted into the cloſets of our fineſt ladies. This conſideration would doubtleſs make me vain of myſelf: but my pride would be ſoon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I ſhould certainly undergo the ſhame of ſeeing many of them proſtituted to the vileſt purpoſes. If in one place I might be pleaſed to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I ſhould be no leſs vexed to ſee them degraded to the baſe office of ſticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending theſe looſe ſheets that though at their firſt publication they may be thought as precious as the Sibyl's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aſide as no better than a laſt year's almanack.

Ever ſince my firſt appearance in a ſheet and a half, I have felt great uneaſineſs on account of the rude treatment which my works have been ſubject to in their preſent form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered to my delicacy, having detected ſome foul proofs of my firſt numbers lodged in a very unſeemly place; and I almoſt came to an open rupture with my publiſher, becauſe his wife had converted a ſupernumerary half-ſheet into a thread paper. A lady, whoſe ſenſe and beauty I had always admired forfeited my eſteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had ſpoken very handſomely of one of my eſſays, intirely loſt the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy liſt of foul ſhirts and dirty ſtocking. The repeated abuſes of illiterate bakers, paſtry-cooks, and chandlers, I know I am condemned to ſuffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey undiſcriminately on all authors good or bad: and as politicians, wits, free-thinkers, and divines, may have their duſt mingled in the ſame piece of ground, ſo may their works be jumbled together in lining of the ſame trunk or band box.

One inſtance may indeed be brought, in which I am uſed to hail as a lucky omen the damages that my papers appear to have ſuſtained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progreſs of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houſes ſtrung upon a file and ſwelling gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have ſingly met with from their readers: I have conſidered every ſpeck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have aſſumed to myſelf applauſe from ſpilling of coffee, or the print of a greaſy thumb. In a word I look upon each paper, when torn, and ſullied by frequent handling, as an old ſoldier, battered in the ſervice, and covered with honourable ſcars.

I was led into this train of thought by an

accident which happened to me the other evening, as I was walking ſome fields near the town :—As I went along, my curioſity tempted me to examine the materials of which ſeveral paper kites were made up ; from whence I had ſufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one I diſcovered ſeveral pages of a ſermon expanded over the ſurface ; on another the wing fluttered with love ſongs ; and a ſatire on the miniſtry furniſhed another with his ballaſt for a tail. I at length happened to caſt my eye on one that was higher than the reſt, and beheld ſeveral of my own darling productions paſted over it. My indignation was preſently raiſed, that I ſhould become the play thing of children ; and I was aſhamed, that the great name of *Town*, which ſtared me full in the front, ſhould be expoſed, like the compoſitions of Dr. Rock on the wall, to every idle gazer. However by a curious turn of thought, I converted what at firſt ſeemed a diſgrace into a compliment to my vanity—As the kite roſe into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of its flight, and the ſoaring of my own reputation: I imagined myſelf lifted up on the wings of fame, and like Horace's ſwan towering above mortality: I fancied myſelf borne like a blazing ſtar among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude :

> ..... Via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim.
> Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
>
> And up he riſes like a vapour,
> Supported high on wing of paper ;
> He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
> While from below all Grub-ſtreet rings.
>
> SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantaſtic contemplation of my own excellence, I never conſidered by how ſlight a thread my chimerical importance was ſupported. The twine broke ; and the kite together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropped to the ground.

[CONNOISSEUR.]

Deſcription of the Stormy-Petrel.

(Abridged from Buffon.)

Of all the marine birds, thoſe which the moſt conſtantly live on the great ſeas, are the Petrels ; the moſt ſtrangers to land, the moſt adventurous in roving on the vaſt ocean : they commit themſelves with equal confidence and audacity to the rolling billows, the impetuous winds, and ſeem to brave the fury of the tempeſts. In the remoteſt portions of the globe, in every zone which navigators have viſited, theſe birds ſeemed to expect their arrival, and even to have ſtretched beyond them into more diſtant and more ſtormy latitudes. Every where they have been ſeen to ſport with ſecurity, and even gaiety, on that element, ſo terrible in its fury, which unnerves the moſt intrepid man : as if nature meant to demonſtrate, that the inſtincts and faculties which ſhe has allotted to the inferior creatures, excel the combined powers of our reaſon and our art.

Though the epithet ſtormy is applicable more or leſs to all the Petrels, yet navigators have agreed to appropriate it to this ſpecies. The Stormy Petrel is the laſt in the order of ſize, not exceeding that of a finch ; its length is ſix inches, and extent of wing thirteen ; the colour of the plumage is a blackiſh brown, with purple reflections on the foreſide of the neck, and on the coverts of the wings ; its legs are pretty tall, and like the other Petrels, it has a ſpur inſtead of a hind toe. It is the ſmalleſt of all the palmipede birds ; and one might be ſurprized that ſo little a bird ſhould expoſe itſelf on the ocean at an immenſe diſtance from land. But amidſt its audacity, it ſtill ſeems conſcious of its weakneſs, and it is the firſt that ſeeks ſhelter from the impending ſtorm. By force of inſtinct, it perceives thoſe indications which eſcape our ſenſes ; and its motions and its approach warn the ſailors to be prepared for the tempeſt.

When, in calm weather, theſe little Petrels are ſeen to flock behind a veſſel, flying on the wake, and ſheltering themſelves under the ſtern, the mariners haſten to furl the ſails, and prepare for the ſtorm, which infallibly comes on a few hours after.—Thus, the appearance of theſe birds at ſea is at once diſmal and ſalutary ; and nature would ſeem to have diſperſed them over the wide ocean to convey the friendly intelligence. The ſpecies of the Stormy Petrel is univerſally diffuſed ; it is found, equally in the northern and ſouthern latitudes.—Many ſailors have averred, that they met with theſe birds in every track of their voyage. But they have not on that account been the eaſier to catch ; they have long even eſcaped the ſearch of obſervers, becauſe when ſhot, they were almoſt always loſt in the eddy of the ſhip's wake, which ſwallowed up their little body.

The Stormy Petrel flies with amazing ſwiftneſs by means of its long wings which are pretty much like thoſe of a ſwallow.—It can reſt amidſt the tumbling billows ; it ſhelters itſelf in the hollow between two high waves, where it remains a few ſeconds, though the ſwell rolls on with extreme rapidity. In theſe watery undulating furrows it runs, like the lark in the furrows of plowed land, it ſupports and moves itſelf, not by flying but by running, in which, balanced on its wings, it with aſtoniſhing ſwiftneſs raiſes and ſtrikes the ſurface of the water with its feet. Hence is derived the Engliſh name Petrel, or Peterel, which alludes to St. Peter's walking on the ſea.

VOLCANOES.

Among the many curious facts which the celebrated Humboldt collected in the courſe of his travels, one of the moſt ſurpriſing is that which he lately communicated to the National Inſtitute. Several of the volcanoes in the Andes throw up from time to time, a muddy ſubſtance mixed with large quantities of freſh water ; and what deſerves to be particularly remarked is, an aſtoniſhing number of fiſh. The volcanoe of Imbaburn, near the town of Ibarra, threw up once ſuch a quantity that the putrid effluvia proceeding from them produced diſeaſes. This phenomenon, however, is not ſingular. The moſt remarkable circumſtance is, that the fiſh are not injured. Their bodies appear to be very ſoft, but do not ſeem to have been expoſed to a great heat. The Indians aſſert that fiſh ſtill alive are found at the bottom of the mountain. Theſe animals are ejected ſometimes from the crater of the vulcano, and ſometimes from lateral apertures ; but they always come from the height of from ſeven to eight thouſand feet above the level of the plains. Humboldt is of opinion that theſe fiſh are bred in lakes in the interior of the crater. As fiſh of the ſame kind are found in the rivers and ſtreams which flow at the bottom of the mountain, this circumſtance is a ſtrong confirmation of this opinion. They are the only animals in the kingdom of Quito which live at the height of eight thouſand feet. This ſpecies is new to naturaliſts.

Education of the Mexican Youth.

(From Clavigero's History of Mexico.)

Their children were bred to ſtand in ſo much fear of their parents, that even when grown up and married, they hardly durſt ſpeak before them. In ſhort, the inſtructions and advice which they received were of ſuch a nature, that I cannot diſpenſe with tranſcribing ſome of the exhortations employed by them, the knowledge of which

was obtained from the Mexicans themſelves, by the firſt religious miſſionaries who were employed in their converſion; particularly Motolinea, Olmos, and Sahagun, who acquired a perfect knowledge of the Mexican language, and made the moſt diligent enquiry into their manners and cuſtoms.

"My ſon," ſaid the Mexican Father, "we know not how long heaven will grant to us the enjoyment of that precious gem which we poſſeſs in thee; but, however ſhort the period, endeavour to live exactly, praying God continually to aſſiſt thee. He created thee; thou art his property. He is thy father, and loves thee ſtill more than I do; repoſe in him thy thoughts, and day and night direct thy ſteps to him. Reverence and ſalute thy elders, and hold none in contempt. To the poor and diſtreſſed be not dumb, but rather uſe words of comfort. Honour all perſons, particularly thy parents, to whom thou oweſt obedience, reſpect, and ſervice. Guard againſt imitating the examples of thoſe wicked ſons, who, like beaſts that are deprived of reaſon, neither reverence their parents, liſten to their inſtruction, nor ſubmit to their correction; becauſe, whoever follows their ſteps will have an unhappy end, will die in deſperate or ſudden manner, or will be killed and deſtroyed by wild beaſts.

"Mock not, my ſon, the aged or the imperfect. Scorn not him whom you ſee fall into ſome folly or tranſgreſſion, nor make him reproaches, but reſtrain thyſelf, and beware leſt thou fall into the ſame error which offends thee in another. Go not where thou art not called, nor interfere in that which does not concern thee. Endeavour to manifeſt thy good breeding in all thy words and actions. In converſation do not lay thy hands upon another, nor ſpeak too much, nor interrupt, or diſturb another's diſcourſe. If thou hearеſt any one talking fooliſhly, and it is not thy buſineſs to correct him, keep ſilence; but if it does concern thee, conſider firſt what thou art to ſay, and do not ſpeak arrogantly, that thy correction may be well received.

"Never tell a falſehood, becauſe a lie is a grievous ſin. When it is neceſſary to communicate to another what has been imparted to thee, tell the ſimple truth without any addition. Speak ill of nobody. Do not take notice of the frailties which thou obſerveſt in others, if thou art not called upon to correct them. Be not a news carrier, nor a ſower of diſcord. When thou bearеſt any embaſſy, and he to whom it is borne is enraged, and ſpeaks contemptuouſly of thoſe who ſent thee, do not report ſuch an anſwer, but endeavour to ſoften him, and diſſemble as much as poſſible that which thou heardſt, that thou mayeſt not raiſe diſcord and ſpread calumny of which thou mayeſt afterward repent.

"Steal not, nor give thyſelf up to gaming; otherwiſe thou wilt be a diſgrace to thy parents, whom thou oughteſt rather to honour for the education they have given thee. If thou wilt be virtuous thy example will put the wicked to ſhame. No more, my ſon; enough has been ſaid in diſcharge of the duties of a father. With theſe counſels I wiſh to fortify thy mind. Refuſe them not, nor act in contradiction to them, for on them thy life and all thy happineſs depend."

The following is a Scots proclamation for a fair, copied from a Britiſh Magazine:

O yes! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twaa times; O yes! and that's theird and laſt time: All manner of pearſon and pearſons whaſoever, let um draw near, and I ſhall let them kenn that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the ſpace of aught days, wherein if any huſtrin, cuſtrin, landlouper, dubſkouper, or gang the gate ſwinger, ſhall bread any urdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or ſquabblement, he ſhall have his lugs tacked to the muckle trone with a nail of twal a penny, untill he down of his hobſhanks, and up with muckle doaps, and pray to Hea'vn, neen times God bleſs the King and thrice the muckle Loard of Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguſon baily of the aforeſaid mannor.—ſo you hae heard my proclamation and I'll haam to my danner.

ANECDOTE.

"That laughter is by no means an unequivocal ſymptom of a merry heart," hath been well obſerved. I have ſeen more than one inſtance, where the writer who has produced it in the greateſt degree, has bathed the jeſt in his own tears, as he has committed it to paper, and ſighed over the wit, which has afterwards ſet the table in a roar. An anecdote of Carlini, the drolleſt buffoon that ever appeared on the Italian ſtage at Paris, illuſtrates this ſubject.

"A French phyſician having been conſulted by a perſon ſubject to the moſt gloomy fits of melancholy, adviſed his patient to mix in ſcenes of gaiety and diſſipation; and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre, and if Carlini does not diſpel your gloomy complaints, ſays he, your caſe muſt be deſperate, indeed. Alas! Sir, ſaid the patient, I myſelf am Carlini, and while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almoſt die with laughter, I myſelf am dying with melancholy and chagrin."

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Knowledge, ſays one of its moſt illuſtrious friends, is that, which, next to virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. Itgives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement.

The word Folly is perhaps the prettieſt word in the language. Amuſement and Diverſion are good well meaning words; but Paſtime is what never ſhould be uſed but in a bad ſenſe: it is vile to ſay ſuch a thing is agreeable, becauſe it helps to paſs the time away.

Dancing in the rough is one of the moſt natural expreſſions of joy, and coincides with jumping.—When it is regulated, it is merely, "cum ratione inſanire."

A plain, down-right, open hearted fellow's converſation is as inſipid, ſays Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amuſement of thinking.

The fortunate have many paraſites: Hope is the only one that vouchſafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—No important intelligence having been received from the continent of Europe ſince the publication of our laſt number, we have nothing intereſting from that quarter to lay before our readers, which has not already appeared; it may be proper however to give a brief ſketch of the political information for the laſt week. A letter of a recent date from Bordeaux, received at New-York, ſtates that Bonaparte, unable to coax the King of Pruſſia into a compliance with his demands, had again put himſelf at the head of his armies, to enforce his mandate; and that Pruſſia in conjunction with Ruſſia, had determined to find ſafety only in their courage and deſperation. We have no information from any other ſource of his having recommenced on the continent; the

moſt probable inference appears to be, that a general peace is not far diſtant. As ſoon as the organization of the new Britiſh Miniſtry ſhould take place, it was expected that negociations for peace would commence.

Accounts have been received from Dublin of partial diſturbances having ariſen in the county of Mayo, but wholly unconnected with any political queſtion. They are ſtated to have originated ſolely in the vexatious manner, to the poorer claſſes, in which the tythes are let, and in which they are collected.

The electors of Bavaria and Wirtemberg were proclaimed Kings on the firſt day of February, at which time Napoleon was at Munich. A report had prevailed on the Continent, that he intended making a viſit to Berlin, where, it appears, the emperor Alexander is expected.

It is the general opinion in Spain, that they will be compelled by the French, to march an army againſt Portugal in the approaching Spring. An article to this effect appeared in the Moniteur, given as intelligence received from Madrid, but which, in all probability, came direct from the French Government.

Extract of a Letter from an American Captain in the Mediterranean, dated Jan. 21, 1806.

"On my paſſage I was boarded by five cruizers, two Britiſh, two French, and one Spaniard; from all of whom, I received the moſt gentlemanly and polite treatment. I was firſt boarded by the Unit, Britiſh frigate; not a queſtion was aſked relative to the origin of the property, but merely whether the ſhip and property were neutral; and the regiſter, bills of lading, and the invoice of the cargo, were with them ſufficient evidence.—I concluded from this gentle treatment, they were ignorant of the late deciſions of the Britiſh Courts, and aſcribed my eaſy eſcape to their want of knowledge I ſoon after fell in with the Ætna bomb ketch, right out of Gibraltar. "It is now all over with me," ſaid I, "this fellow has a leſſon from a different ſchool; he has ſtudied too deep to let me paſs without moleſtation;" but the ſame queſtions were made, and the ſame treatment ſhewn me by the latter as were by the former, and I was ſuffered to proceed with the leaſt hindrance poſſible The two French cruizers merely aſked for the evidence of neutrality of the ſhip, and the French Conſul's certificate; and the Spaniard, in a little dirty Felucca, to my great aſtoniſhment, came on board bowing and ſcraping, curving his body into an obtuſe angle of at leaſt thirty degrees, and was perfectly ſatisfied with the examination of the paſſport in four languages, and declared there was no document like that; it was ſufficient, he ſaid, to convince a Turk. The ſame fellow, ſeven years ago, when all manner of crimes were committed in the Streights with impunity, would moſt likely have taken a man's teeth out of his head, if he could have found nothing of more value. ſince the cemmencement of the French revolution, I have not witneſſed ſo much reſpect for the American flag, as I have this paſſage, nor can I learn that any of our veſſels in this quarter have experienced a different treatment of late."

DOMESTIC.—*A Key to the Cloſed Doors.*—The late proceedings of Congreſs in ſecret conclave, have been concealed from "the people of the United States, the real ſovereigns of the country," that they might alſo be concealed from "the privileged ſpies of foreign governments." When therefore a fact has gone forth, ſquinting ſo ſtrongly at theſe myſterious tranſactions that it cannot eſcape the penetration of theſe "privileged ſpies," there is at once an end to all reſerve. For is there a man who will dare to ſay, that the people of the United States are not as much entitled to the uſe of ſuch a clue, *as far as it will carry them*, as the miniſters of foreign governments?

We do not therefore heſitate to ſay, that there is *one* expreſſion at leaſt in Mr. Randolph's ſpeech, which ſeems to bear moſt ſtrongly upon the ſecret tranſactions of Congreſs. Perhaps the text does not warrant the commentary; but certain it is, we are not the *only* commentators, who will thus have erred in the application.

Stating what would have been *his project* in regard to Great Britain, Mr. Randolph throws out an idea which bears moſt pointedly upon our relations with Spain. The caſe, which he puts, is hypothetical with reſpect to Great Britain, for with that power we have no diſpute about boundaries. But with Spain we *have* a diſpute about our boundaries, and the caſe is therefore a more than hypothetical one. Let us then take Mr. R.'s expreſſions in regard to Great Britain, and apply them with the neceſſary variations of phraſeology to Spain:

GREAT BRITAIN.	SPAIN.
"I will ſend her no money, ſir, on any pretext whatever, much leſs on pretence of buying Labrador, or Botany Bay, when my real object was to ſecure limits which ſhe formally acknowledged at the peace of 1783."	I will ſend her no money, ſir, on any pretext whatever, much leſs on pretence of buying Florida, when my real object was to ſecure the limits of Louiſiana, which ſhe formally acknowledged by the treaty of San Ildephonſe."

In ſtating what *he* would not have done, does not Mr. R. in fact ſtate what Congreſs had determined to do? Are we not therefore to conclude that the ſecret deliberations of Congreſs have iſſued in a reſolution to purchaſe Florida? Is not general Armſtrong appointed one of the ambaſſadors to bring about this object? We have underſtood that one of the ableſt and beſt informed politicians in Virginia, is alſo to be deputed on the ſame buſineſs. [*Richmond Enquirer.*]

Lancaſter, March 31.

The Legiſlature has juſt broke up.—No *Committee of Grievances* at the *beginning* of the ſeſſion—and not a word whiſpered about the *neceſsity of a Convention* at the *end* of it.

The lower Houſe cloſed in high good humour.

The black bill (as an act from the Senate for the regiſtering of free blacks, and the reſtoring of runaway negroes, was expreſſively called in the Houſe of Repreſentatives) was ſcouted, without a diviſion; and its twin brother, an Act for reſtricting the Governor from the remittance of fines, in caſes of incontinency, was fairly laughed out of countenance.

Some of the laſt buſineſs attended to was a reſolution to diſtribute 150 copies of Hamilton's report of the trial of the Judges, among the members of both houſes.

—

Married at Haddonfield, on the 27th ult. by John Clement, Eſq. WILLIAM WARREN to AMY ARCHER, both of Newton, Glouceſter county, N. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLUNKET, inſtruction and amuſement ſhould be combined, in every production which is intended to gain the approbation of our readers.—A piece diveſted of both, poſſeſſes nothing worthy a place in the Evening Fre-ſide.

S.'s communication is *unintelligible.*

T. P. is a ſelection.

A number of other pieces have come to hand, which ſhall receive *due* attention.

☞ Our Country Subſcribers who are in arrear for the laſt year's ſubſcription, are reſpectfully requeſted to forward the ſame, either by poſt or otherwiſe. And it is alſo expected that thoſe who reſide at a diſtance, will *pay half yearly in advance.*

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,

Where Subſcriptions and Communications (poſt paid) *will be received.*

Subſcriptions will alſo be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market Street, Philadelphia, and by*

SAMUEL WOOD, 362, *Pearl-ſtreet, N. York.*